

A HOT FINISH.



1—This picture of the "Burning of Moscow" will be my fortune. Just one more dash of flame over here,—



2—A little more smoke up here. Great heavens it's so natural I can feel the heat.



3—Final Murder! Help!

NECESSITY AGAIN THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.



1—SCHORCHER—Ten miles in the country the air out of my tire and no air pump. An ideal I'll borrow this fellow's accordion.



2—It works like a charm.



3—"And the band played on."

Playing Santa Claus in the West.

It was in the old days of the Kansas frontier, and a day or two before Christmas Montana Jack said to the boys of Prairie City:

"I reckon I'll take a look for Comanche Bill and make him a Christmas present to remember me by."

On the same day and about the same hour, Comanche Bill was saying to the boys at Sageville:

"I reckon I'll ride over and play Santa Claus to Montana Jack and let him know I haint furgot him."

The two men set out at the same time and met at Camp Red-Hot, midway between Prairie City and Sageville. The meeting was no surprise. They seemed to have been expecting it. They dismounted at the same saloon, shook hands and took a drink together. After the drink Montana Jack opened business by saying:

"Bill, I've made up my mind to put a Christmas present in your stockin' to-day."

"That's powerful kind o' you, Jack," was the reply, "and it's mighty queer that I had made up my mind to do the same thing fur you."

"That's like you. Mebbe you'd like to know what my Christmas present is?"

"It's a hole in the airth, I reckon."

"That's it."

"And mine's the same. Powerful curus that both of us lighted on the same thing, haint it?"

"Hayther so. When shall we begin bizness?"

"Oh, any time to suit you. Bein' as we both know what's wanted we might as well start the show now."

"I'm agreed."

As they left the saloon each turned his back on the other and walked away until a distance of a hundred rods separated them. Then they halted, turned and began approaching each other. At a distance of 300 feet both opened fire, and they had closed in to within twenty feet when both went down, one shot through the heart and the other through the head. A shake-purse was made up and a Chinaman dug a grave for two and covered in the bodies, and at the Spread Eagle saloon Yuba Tom leaned back against the bar and reflectively observed:

"Yaas, gentlemen, when one critter owes another critter a debt of gratitude, the day before Christmas is a powerful good time to wipe out the account and git squar."

Billy and the Bean.

First—On a bright Spring day up in New Hampshire little Billy Blowgun was watching his papa plant the garden.

Second—Why did little Billy Blowgun's old man plant the garden?

Third—Because little Billy's father was poor and had to do so that he might be able to furnish his numerous family with a Winter's grub stake. They were so poor that they never had any other kind of steak. This is why little Billy helped his pa.

Every time old Billy would bore a hole in the earth with his boot heel little Billy would steal slyly behind and drop in a seedling potato. Then he would cover the hole up. Oh, children! Is it not a beautiful thing to be able to assist our parents as little Billy is doing?

Fourth—As Billy Blowgun put his right hand in his pocket to rest it, while he continued to drop seeds with his left, his fingers touched two beans that were left over from last Sunday's hunt with his little blowgun. Running to his papa he exclaimed in childish glee: "Oh, papa! see what I have found. Two large kidney beans! May I plant them and have the crop for my very own?"

For the old one is strong enough to kill a hen."

Fifth—So old Billy gave him the desired permission, and all that Summer little Billy watched his bean vine grow. Quoth he: "When I sell my beans I shall buy my dear mamma a new sealskin sacque and my father a new clay pipe, for the old one is strong enough to kill a hen."

Sixth—One bright day in July a little bean was born.

Seventh—But though he watched long and earnestly, no more beans grew upon the kidney bean vine. Resigning himself to the inevitable, he said: "Well, by chowder! I don't care, anyway. This is not evidently a bean year, and I am lucky to get one bean for next year's seed. I must hope for the best. Ma and pa, I know, will wait another year for their presents if I ask them." So Billy hoped on.

Eighth—But one September morn when baby was playing in the yard, little Susie came running to her mother, who was also Billy's mother, and said, "Oh, mamma, baby has picked Billy's bean when I wasn't looking and put it up its dear little nose."

Ninth—Alas for Billy, with his only seedling bean in the baby's nose! Did little Billy rant and curse at his ill luck? No; Billy was made of better stuff, and besides he loved his little baby brother. So he swallowed his disappointment and felt better. He wished baby might swallow the bean as easy. "Anyhow," he mused later, "I had intended the proceeds of my bean farm for pa and ma, and baby got 'em. It's all in the family anyway." Try, children, and imitate little Billy Blowgun's unselfish example.

His One Success.

"Winebiddle scored a great success in the story-telling line at the club last night," remarked Tillinghast.

Gildersleeve looked up in great surprise. He could not believe his own ears.

"Are you sarcastic?"

"Not at all."

"It's the first time I ever heard of his doing anything of the sort. Usually his narrations are old stories, which he never fails to spoil in the telling. I can't for the life of me imagine how he could score a success."

"It was this way. Dinsmore had just finished one, in his very best vein, which provoked unbounded laughter, when Winebiddle remarked, 'That reminds me of a good story.' Then, seeing that blank despair and resignation were settling on the faces of the crowd, Winebiddle added, 'But I'm not going to tell it.' Then you ought to have heard the boys. They cheered Winebiddle to the echo, and I fear that he is somewhat vain of his new-found popularity."

Riding on the Cable.

Swiftly o'er the cobbles,
With a strident clang,
While it, as it wobbles,
Bobbles with a bang,
And above you biding
Joy's the reigning star,
Oh! it's jolly riding
On the cable car.

Curving and gyrating,
At a breakneck pace,
O'er the steel mat skating
Swiftly on your face,
Slipping, slopping, sliding,
Through the noise and jar,
Oh! it's jolly riding
On the cable car.

Dancing, prancing, jumping,
On the platform edge;
Leaping, scooting, bumping,
Like a flying wedge,
While you clinch, providing,
You know how to spar,
Oh! it's jolly riding
On the cable car.

Through the wagon tangles,
Falling into laps,
While you gayly dangle
From the swing straps,
Glancing, glomming, gliding,
Swift as to a bar,
Oh! it's jolly riding
On the cable car.

Through the crowd a-crushing,
Ringing loud the gong;
Round the corner smashing,
Through the startled throng;
Heads and trunks dividing,
Dealing break and scar,
It is jolly riding
On the cable car.

Arms and spinals scattered
On the dusty street;
Victims badly battered,
Minus hands and feet,
In a heap colliding,
Never our fun to mar,
Oh! it's jolly riding
On the cable car.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.



A Christmas Confession.

There are some men I'm bound to hate,
Some types I simple can't endure;
But those I most abhor
Are dried up mummies—rich or poor—
Who say they loathe the Christmas tide
And ban it all to Jericho;
I'd tar and feather such and ride
Them on a rail—I hate them so.

To them old Santa Claus the blest
Is but a boreome myth, you see;
But, though I'm forty, I protest
He's still most charmingly real to me.
And by the saints! till I am gray,
And soon this bounteous world to leave,
I'll hang my sock, say what you may,
For him to fill on Christmas eve.

You laugh! Well, I refuse to take
The word of crusty heathens here,
Who say that Santa is a fake
For advertising every year.
And so, without one secret pang,
Though forty, grave and dignified,
I'll fire the logs and o'er them hang
My stocking at sweet Christmas tide.

A Pleasing Assurance.

HE—I don't see how ever Midge had the nerve to embrace Miss Adipose. She must weigh 200.
SHE—He wouldn't, perhaps, but she told him that "faith would move mountains."

Cause and Effect.

She went in for dress reform,
And cried, "The world I'll brave!"
He went in for chloroform
And rest beyond the grave.

The Best Way.

MISS REDBUD—Shall I announce my engagement at once, dear?
MISS PINKETLY—I would. If you wait any longer it may be too late.

A Tale of Two Brothers.

Now it came to beg—which in those times signified "to pass"—that there dwelt in the confines of Bagdad, not far from the Sixteen Stoppes, a certain tailor, whose name was Beder Borax, a twister of threads and mender of gents' garments, for in those days the art of riveting on pants buttons was as yet undiscovered, and the button with the hand-sewed welt, while popular, lingered not long in one place. Beder possessed a good business nut, and when commerce lagged at the button emporium would hire him a strolling minstrel, whose duty it was to stand in front of Beder's store and twang the banjoette and play upon the pipe, till the crowd gathered to learn the cause of the uprising. Thinking it was a political discussion, they gathered in hordes: The Sons of Ease, those who were proficient in the Sidewalk Jig, the Sandwich Men and the Gold Bricks, and they gathered about to list to the minstrel's plaint.

When the crowd had become compact, the minstrel would cease his carol and relate the latest bicycle joke and the mother-in-law witticism, till he had them in good humor; then he would sing of the Raines hotel sandwich, whereby their risibilities would become excited, so that they would "Haw! haw!" and "Haw! haw!" and would split their sides, and the buttons would fly to the four points of the compass.

By this simple method Beder would get enough business sewing on buttons to earn seven or eight sequins in a single hour; ten per cent thereof he gave to the minstrel, so as to encourage him to think up some brand new jokelets against the next full. In those days a joke was paid for by its dividend earning capacity, for humorists were scarce, and even a second-hand joke was worth something if it did not show signs of wear. In our degenerate day jokes are remunerated by the inch, and a tacit understanding exists between the joker and editor that all jokes captured under an inch long shall be thrown overboard again and allowed to attain their full growth; it is something like the Maine Lobster law.

So Beder waxed fat and prospered, so that he owned many camel-hair overcoats, which he let right brisk in the idea of March; also possessing houses and lands, besides having a finger in a pie factory.

But Hyphen Borax, his brother, was poor and indigent, and earned a scanty subsistence by working in a punctuation shop; being an illiterate fellow, he lacked the education necessary to become an all-around hand, and was forced to be content with the menial task of making hyphens, while others of higher intellectual attainments had softer jobs, bending up the ? ? ? ? ?s, filling up the tails of . . . 's and doing the fancy work; besides, they got more \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ for it.

But Hyphen being an apt workman, produced more - - - -s than the firm could sell; consequently, he was permitted to carry away all the - - - -s he could use free of charge. But one day, being envious of his brother's prosperity, Hyphen hid him to the home of the minstrel and said: "Will-you-go-whacks-on-a-big-scheme-with-me?" The minstrel being of an avaricious disposition, bowed him low.

"Then-list-to-my-scheme.- You-sell-jokes - to - my - brother - Beder-at-so-much-per-cent-do-you-not?" Again the minstrel tied a knot in himself.

"Go - then - and - make-a-contract-with - him-by-the-mile,- whether-they-are-good-gags-or-not." Having faith, the minstrel did as bidden.

Then the conspirators bumped their heads together and wrote up a lot of long English jokes, using one of Hyphen - - - -s between every word, to make them string out, and the next day the minstrel fired them at the crowd, more than a league thereof; and the mob moved away, marvelling at the decline of Persian humor, and not a button fell that day, or the next, or the next.

And when the idea of September had passed Beder Borax was a ruined man, for he had paid for his rags by the inch, and they had brought no money to his till, but Hyphen and the minstrel had waxed corpulent and had gone to the Ponce-de-Leon to spend the hard winter. And Beder waxed wroth when he discovered the game had been played on him, and swore like an educated parrot, so that when the compositor went to set up the account for the morning paper, his Damn box was empty before he was half through the article.

Impure Water.

The tramp's face wore a look of thoughtfulness, and the most careless observer could see that he was deeply distressed. When he had approached within a couple of yards he stopped and gave a hitch to his trousers.

"Say, boss, is it true what these scientists say about water; that hundreds of impurities are mixed up in every drop of it we drink, and a single teaspoonful contains bacteria enough to start a pestilence, and the microscope brings to view hundreds of vicious jawed monsters swimming around in every drop?"

"Yes."

"Do you know that to be a fact?"

"Yes, I'm sure on that point."

"You've seen them with your own eyes?"

"Yes."

"You couldn't possibly have been deceived?"

"I don't think so."

"Then, say, boss, lemme have 10 cents to get a couple of glasses of beer. I'm dying of thirst. I ain't afraid of death, but I want to die naturally. Thank you, sir."

Dame Nature is Kind.

"You will observe, my son," said the distinguished scientist to his precocious young hopeful, "that the excessive development of any faculty in the individual of a species is governed by the animal's needs in the great struggle for existence. For instance, the extreme length of the giraffe's neck is due to the necessity it labors under for reaching to lofty branches for its food. The hard armor of the turtle was produced by the need of protection against its assailants. The speed of the hare arose from the animal's need of escape from its enemies. Birds and insects assume the color of their environment in order to avoid detection by more powerful foes. Thus, throughout the whole course of nature you will find that, by the beautiful process of evolution, that physical characteristic is most highly accentuated which conduces most to the individual's welfare."

The lad eagerly absorbed the teachings of his learned sire. After a pensive pause he inquired: "Pa, is that why we are fattest where we're spanked?"

THE CHICKEN WHICH SWALLOWED THE HORNET.

The Sunday Journal's Kinetoscope.



Selections from views taken by our funny camera at the rate of 1,000,000 a second.

The Reason.

MAY—I don't see how you managed to keep the secret.
PAMELA—I didn't know it.